

# SLOW DEATH 4

\$1.00  
COP  
\$1.25  
ADULTS  
ONLY



A WORLD PEACE TREATY  
WAS SIGNED ON THIS SPOT  
BY ALL THE NATIONS OF THE  
EARTH.

JULY 197

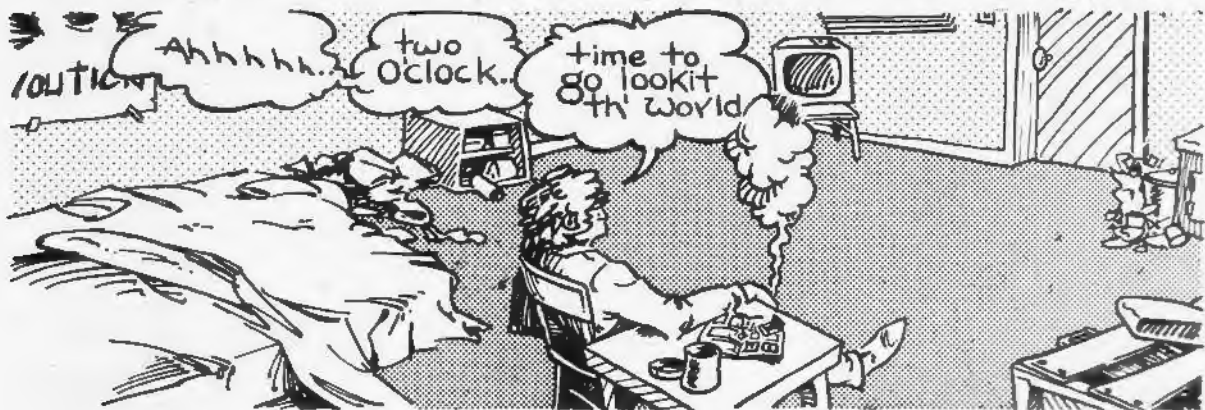


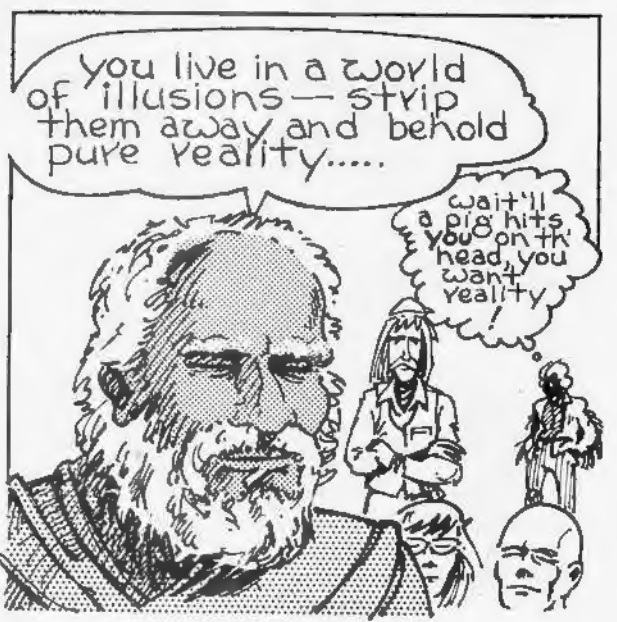
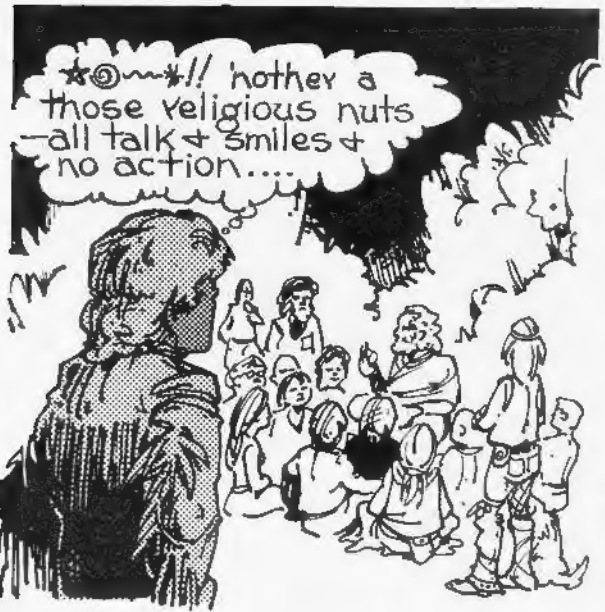
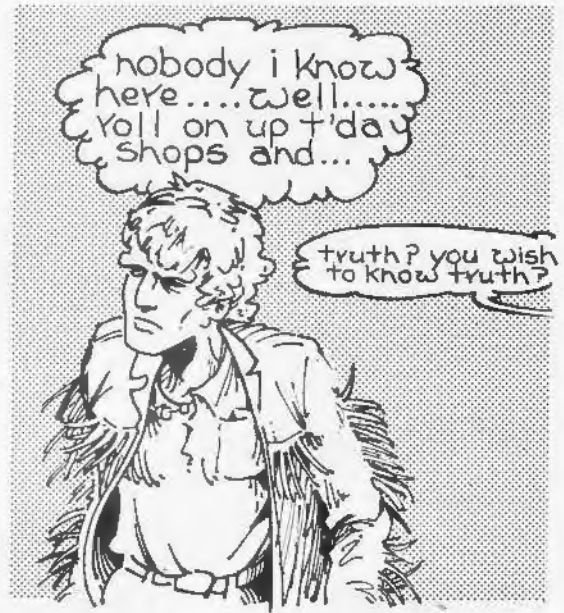




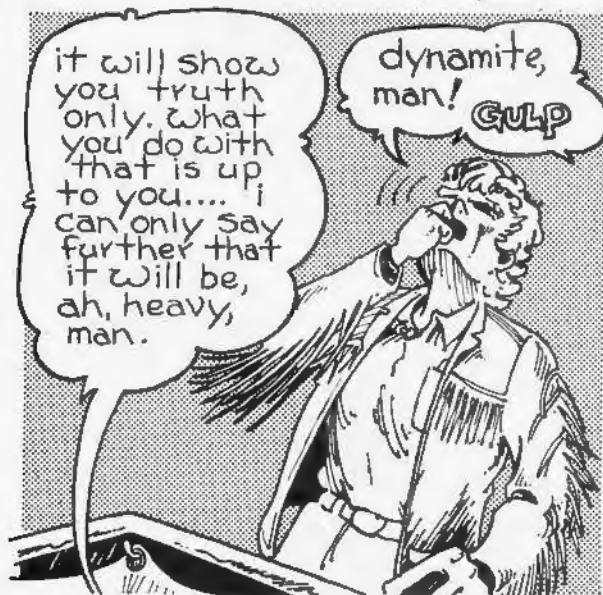
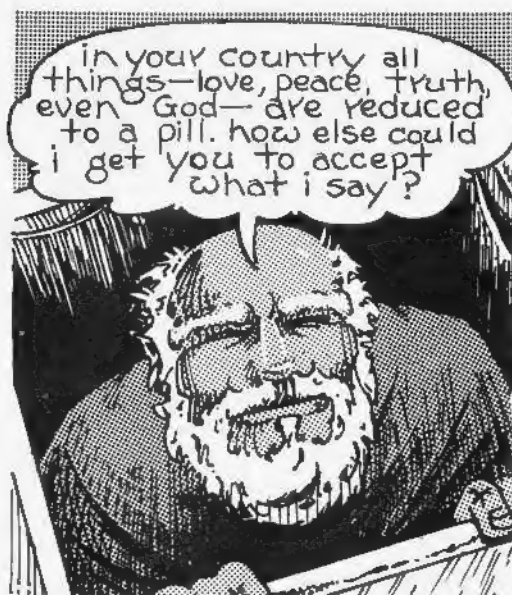
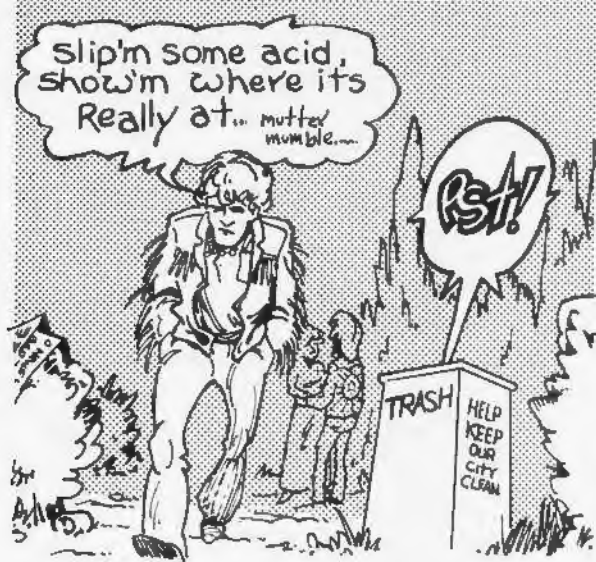
...HOMESICK © 1972 T. VEITCH-JAXON...  
**SLOW DEATH #4** © 1972 CORBEN, IRONS, JAXON, METZGER, SHERIDAN, & LAST GASP ECO-  
FUNNIES P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY CALIF. 94701 · WORLD RIGHTS RIGHTS RESERVED. A SLOW  
DEATH WILL HAUNT YOU IF YOU USE WITHOUT PERMISSION! R. TURNER → EDITOR.....

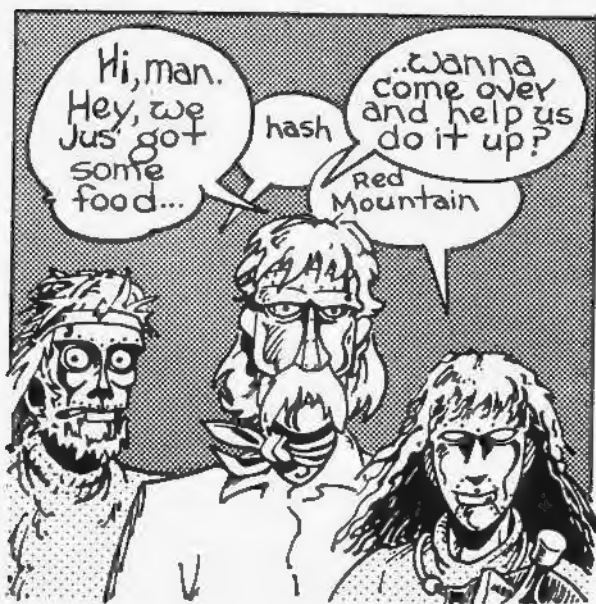
# EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

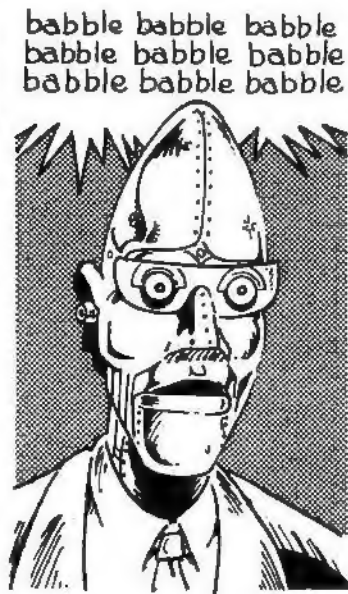
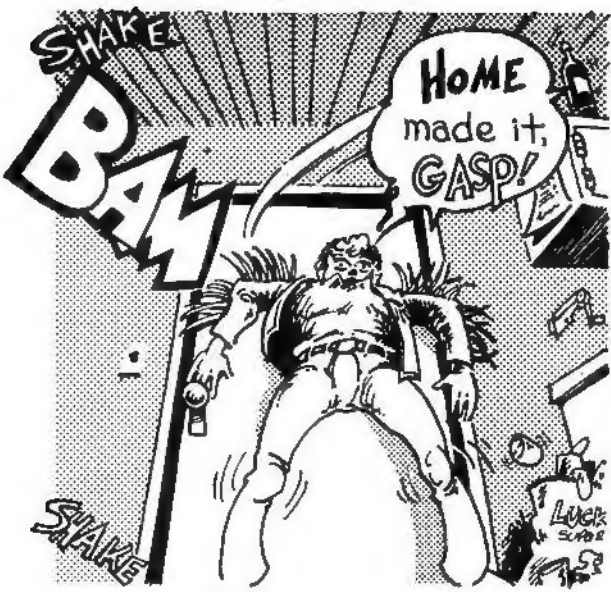




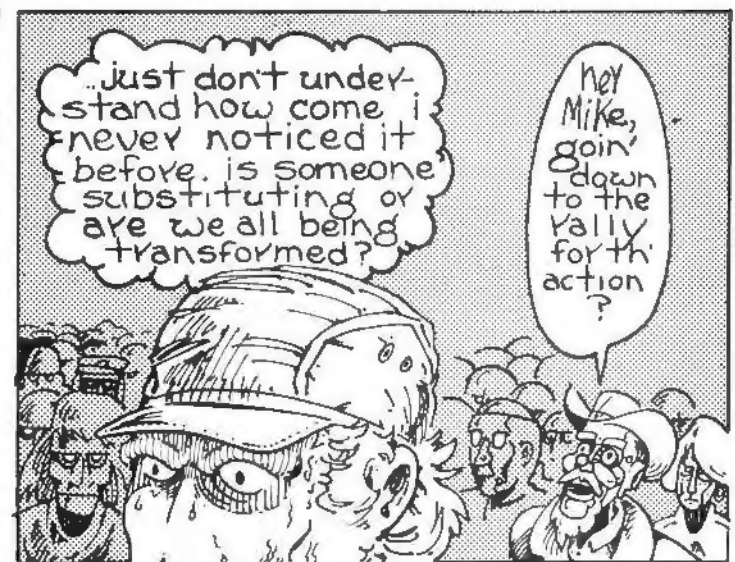
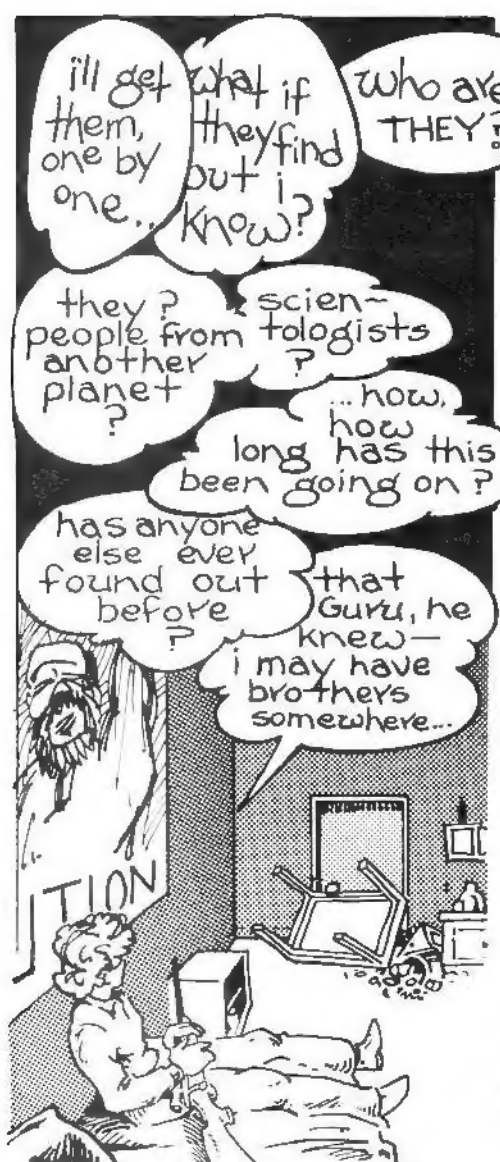




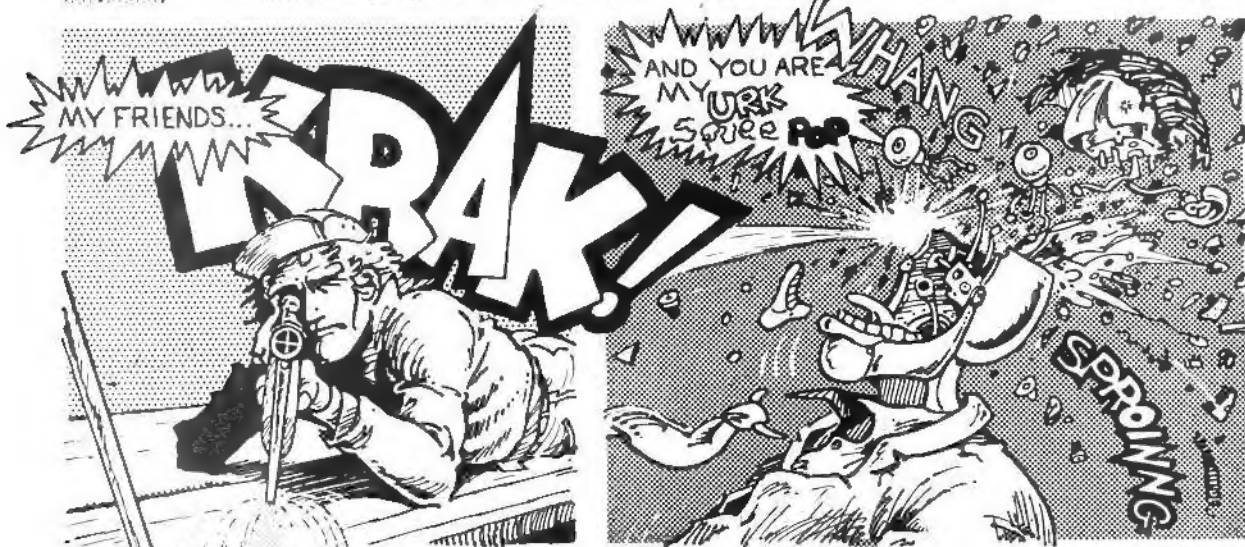
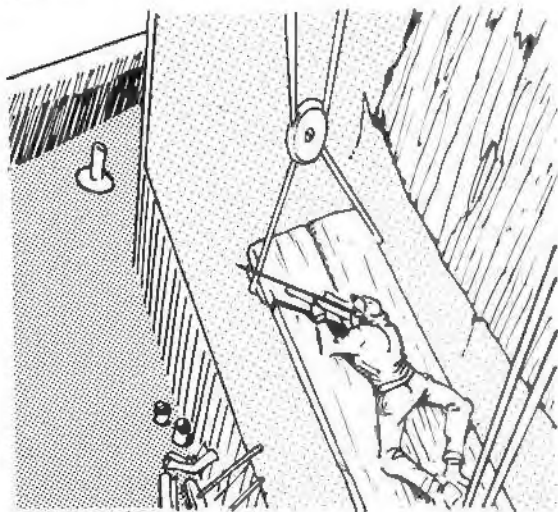
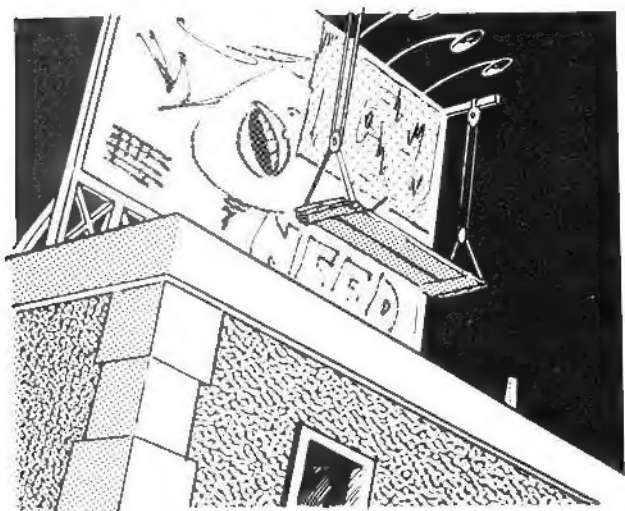
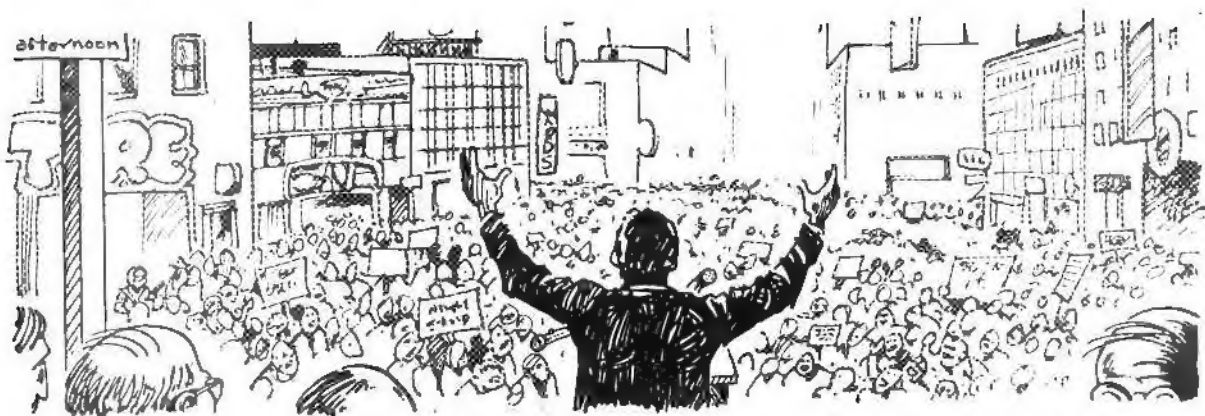


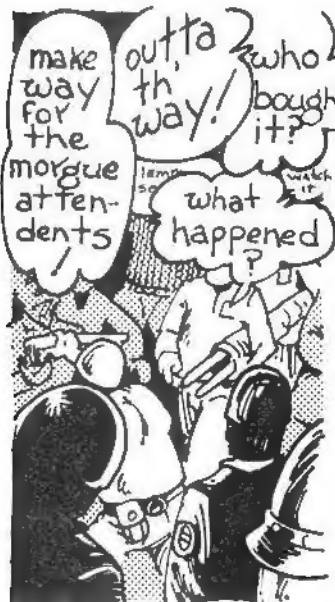
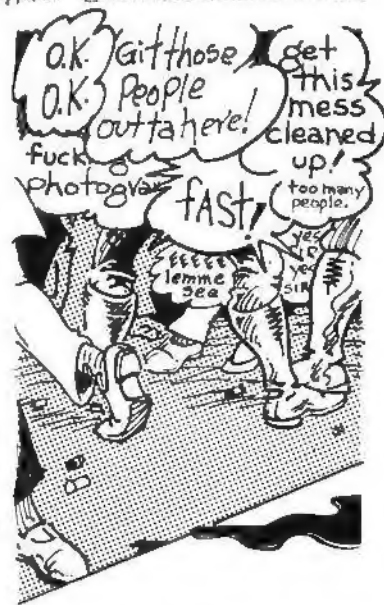
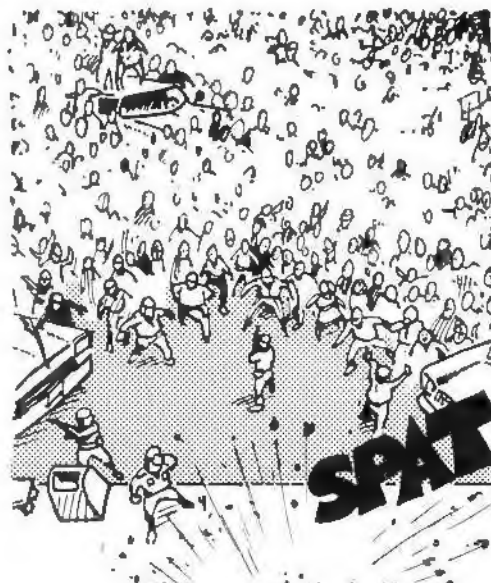
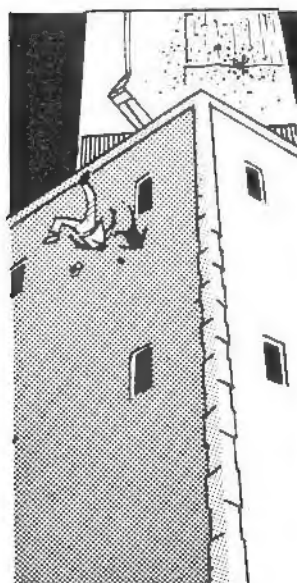














# ECOTOPIA 2001

SAN FRANCISCO: 2001 - THE DAWN OF A NEW MILLENIUM ON AN EARTH WHERE MAN LIVES IN HARMONY WITH HIS BROTHERS AND WITH NATURE...

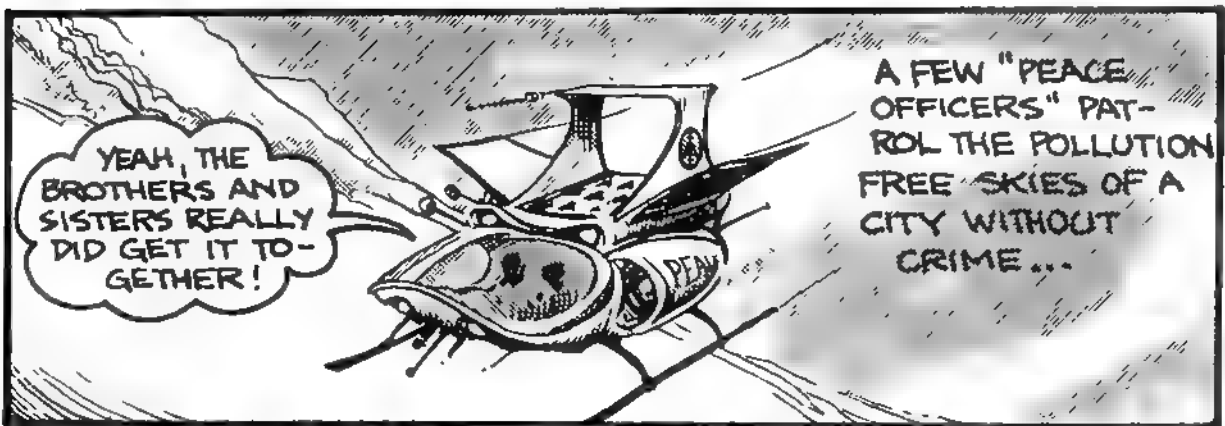


... AN EARTH WHERE THE MACHINES OF WAR HAVE STILLED ...  
WHERE THERE IS AMPLE FOOD FOR ALL, AND MAN RELAXES  
IN HIS WORK ...



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL  
WORLD, TOMMY!

PASS ME THAT  
JOINT, PAL.



YEAH, THE  
BROTHERS AND  
SISTERS REALLY  
DID GET IT TO-  
GETHER!

A FEW "PEACE  
OFFICERS" PAT-  
ROL THE POLLUTION  
FREE SKIES OF A  
CITY WITHOUT  
CRIME ...



THIS MUST  
BE THE AGE OF  
AQUARIUS!

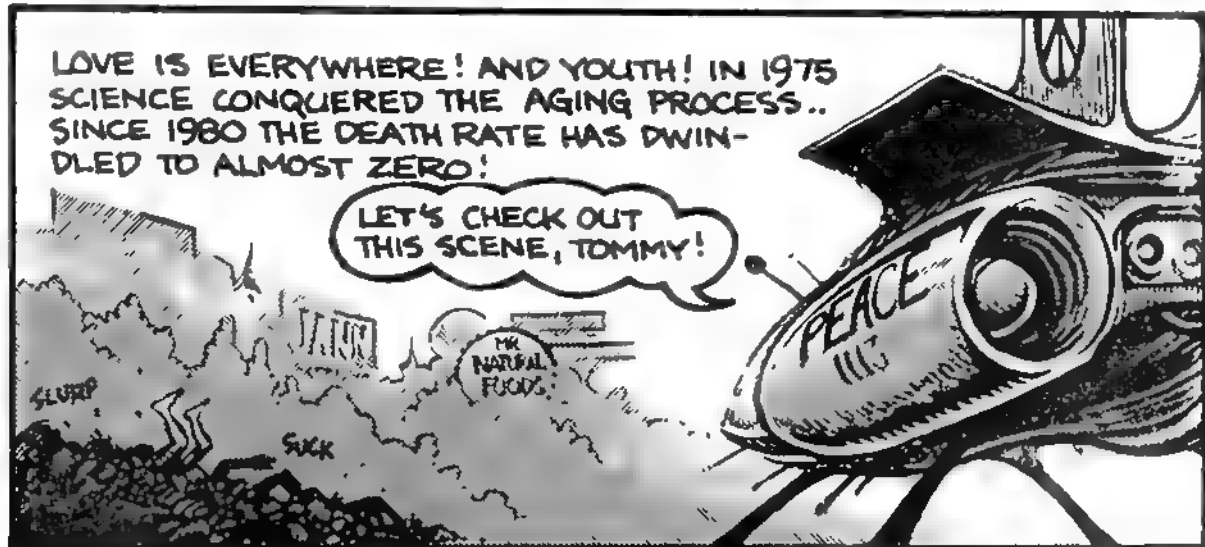
THAT'S WHAT  
THEY CALL IT!

YES, THE AGE OF AQUARIUS .. THE AEON OF LOVE ! UNIVERSAL BIRTH CONTROL HAS STABILIZED THE POPULATION AND FREED MAN FROM HIS SEXUAL TABOOS !



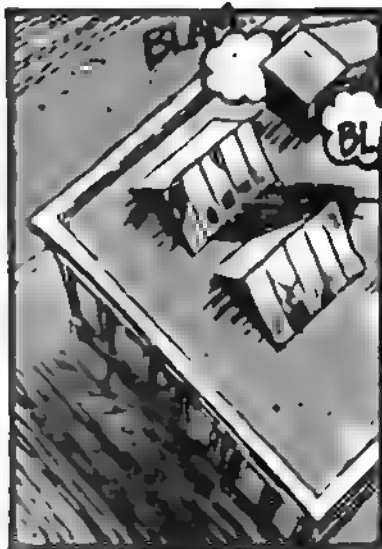
LOVE IS EVERYWHERE ! AND YOUTH ! IN 1975 SCIENCE CONQUERED THE AGING PROCESS .. SINCE 1980 THE DEATH RATE HAS DWINDLED TO ALMOST ZERO !

LET'S CHECK OUT THIS SCENE, TOMMY !





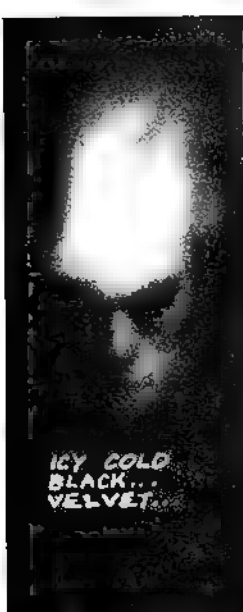












ICY COLD  
BLACK...  
VELVET



A SCRATCHING  
AT MY NUMBED  
BRAIN...

SOMETHING IS  
HAPPENING



# THE AWA KEN ING



WHERE  
AM I?



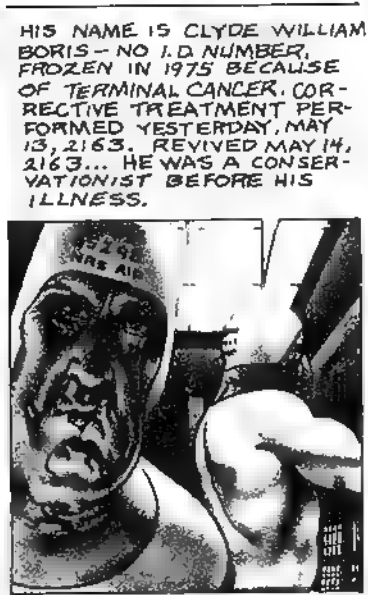
WHAT  
IS IT?



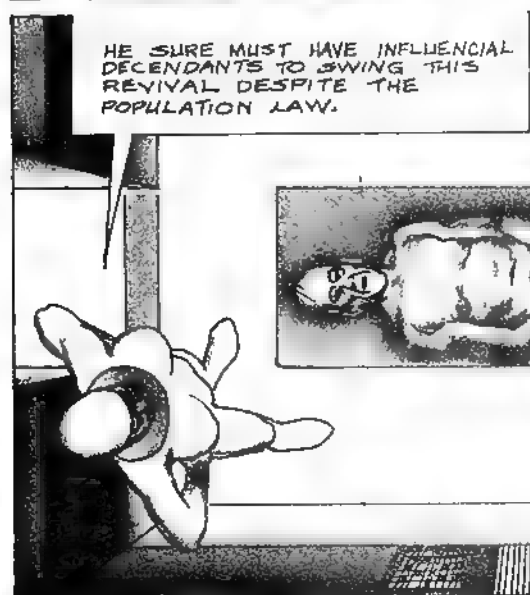
HE'S COMING  
TO.



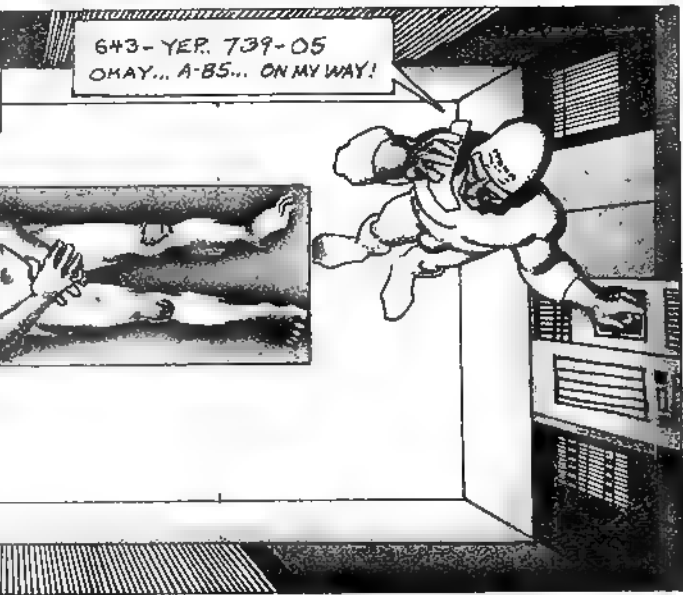
YES, THIS NEW THAW  
MACHINE PULLS 'EM OUT  
FASTER THAN THE OTHER  
ONE DID.



HIS NAME IS CLYDE WILLIAM  
BORIS - NO I.D. NUMBER,  
FROZEN IN 1975 BECAUSE  
OF TERMINAL CANCER. COR-  
RECTIVE TREATMENT PER-  
FORMED YESTERDAY, MAY  
13, 2163. REVIVED MAY 14,  
2163... HE WAS A CONSER-  
VATIONIST BEFORE HIS  
ILLNESS.



HE SURE MUST HAVE INFLUENTIAL  
DECENDANTS TO OWING THIS  
REVIVAL DESPITE THE  
POPULATION LAW.



643-YER. 739-05  
OHAY... A-B5... ON MY WAY!

OKAY CLYDE WILLIAM BORIS,  
GET UP AND DRESSED. YOU'RE  
DUE IN DOCTOR SPIKES  
OFFICE IN 10 MINUTES FOR  
ORIENTATION.

UUNNH... OOH  
MY HEAD!

C'MON CLYDE, DON'T MAKE  
ME LATE FOR MY 08:10  
POT BREAK.

EVERYTHING IS  
SO STRANGE.

THIS WAY!  
THE ELEVATOR'S  
THIS WAY.



GET IN THIS SURFACE CAR,  
POPS - WE'VE GOT TO GO  
OUTSIDE TO GET TO DR.  
SPIKE'S BUILDING.

OH GOD! THIS  
ISN'T WHERE I  
WAS FROZEN!



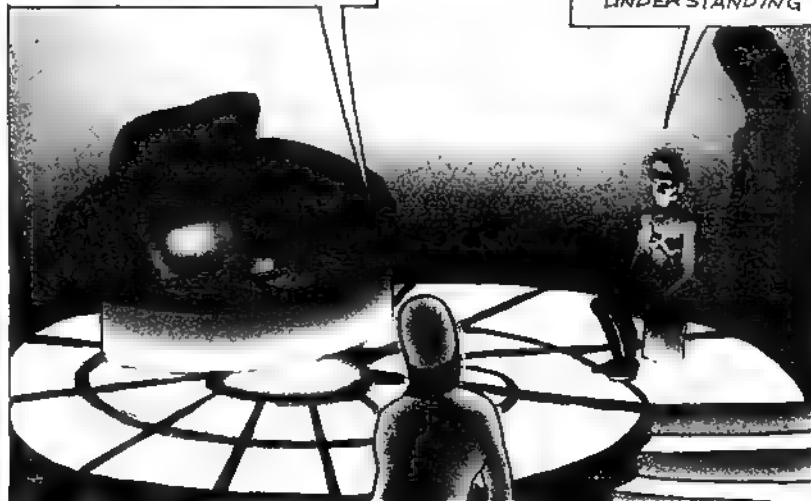
SETTLE DOWN! YOU WERE  
BROUGHT HERE IN 2105  
BECAUSE IT WAS TOO  
CROWDED WHERE YOU  
WERE STORED.

IT'S  
FANTASTIC!

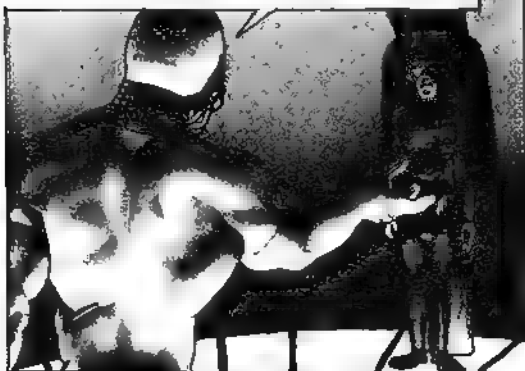


SIT DOWN AND WAIT  
HERE. DOCTOR SPIKE  
WILL BE HERE PRESENTLY.

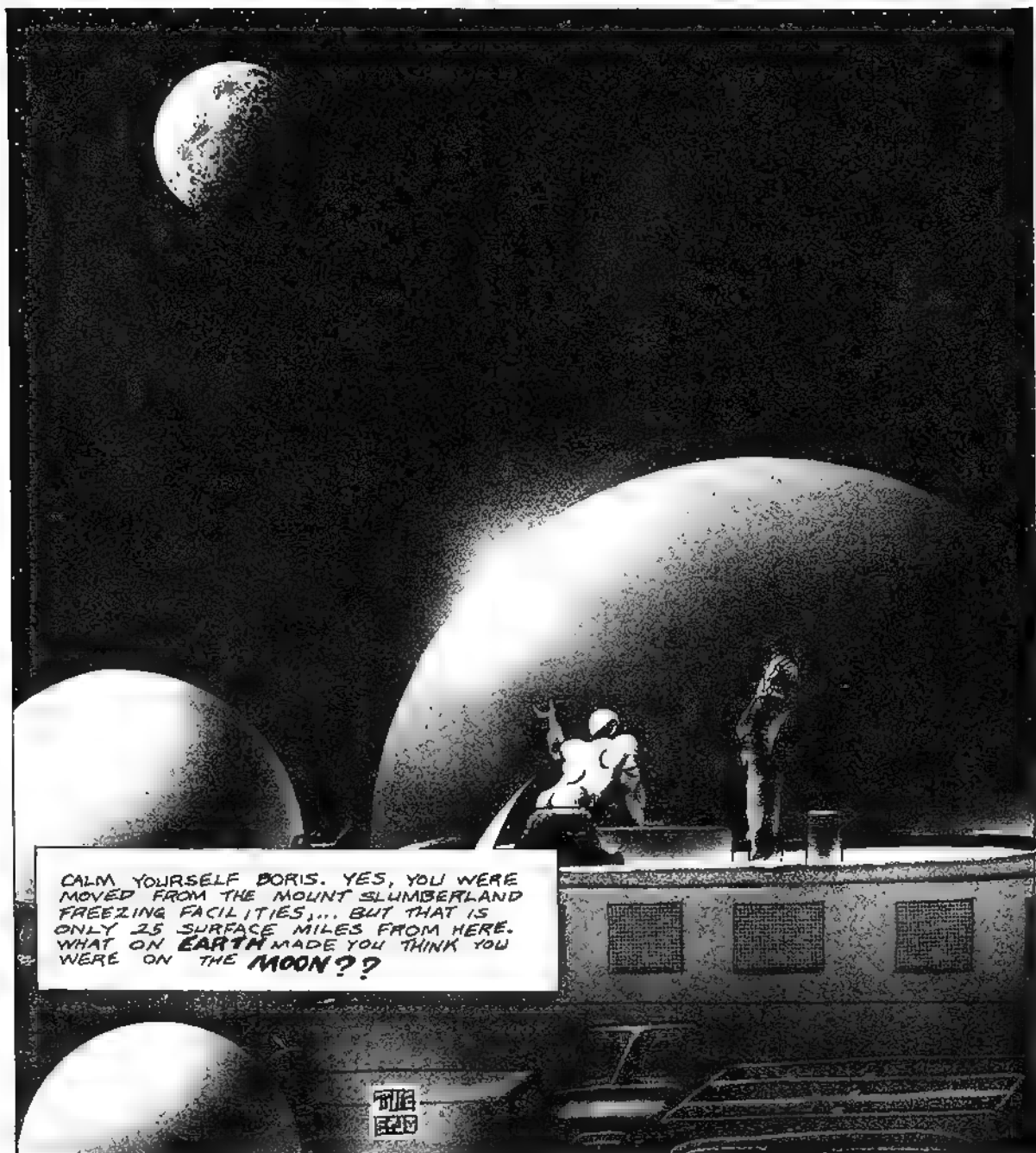
THANK YOU FOR  
YOUR TENDER  
CARE AND KIND  
UNDERSTANDING



WELL GOOD MORNING MR. BORIS,  
PLEASE SIT. I'LL UNCOVER THE  
VIEW DOME.

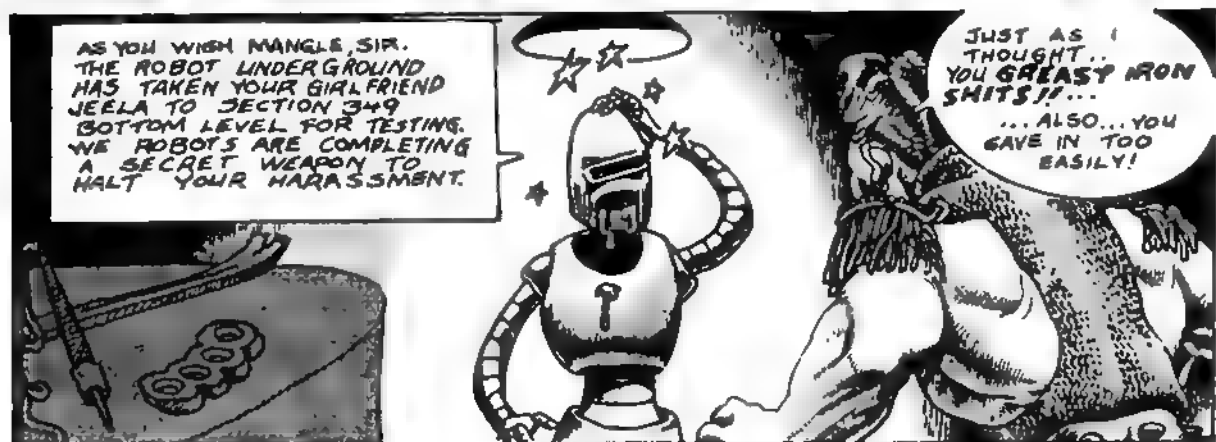


**WHAT?** ... **WHAT IS THIS?** ...  
WE'RE NOT ON THE MOON. WHERE AM  
I? ... THE GIRL SAID YOU MOVED  
ME HERE BECAUSE IT WAS TOO CROWDED  
ON EARTH.

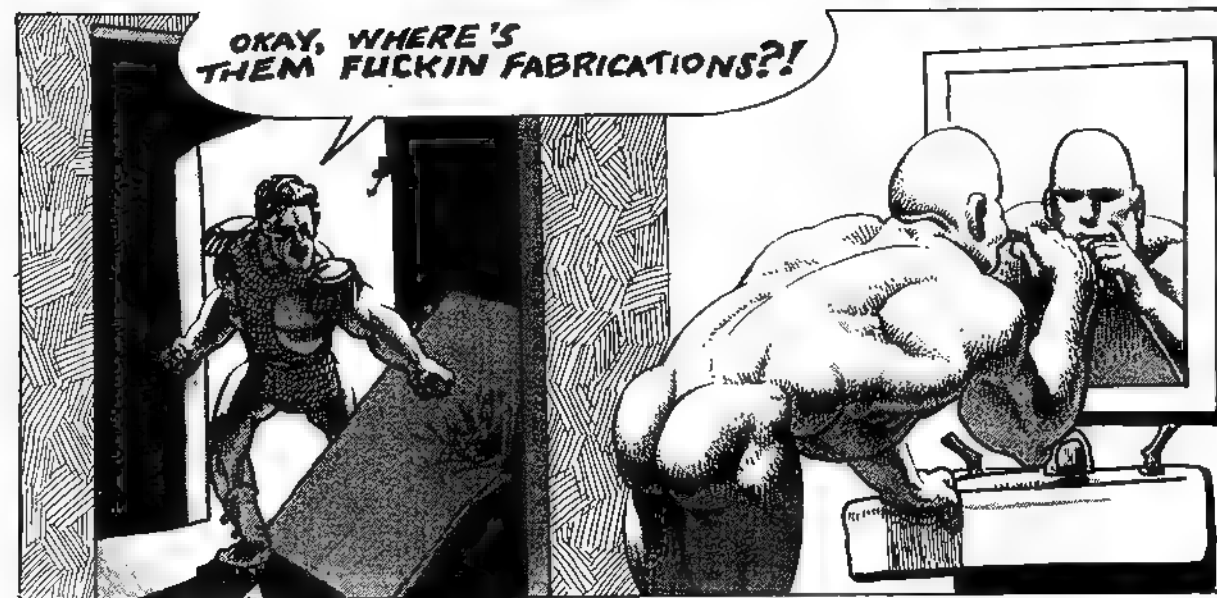
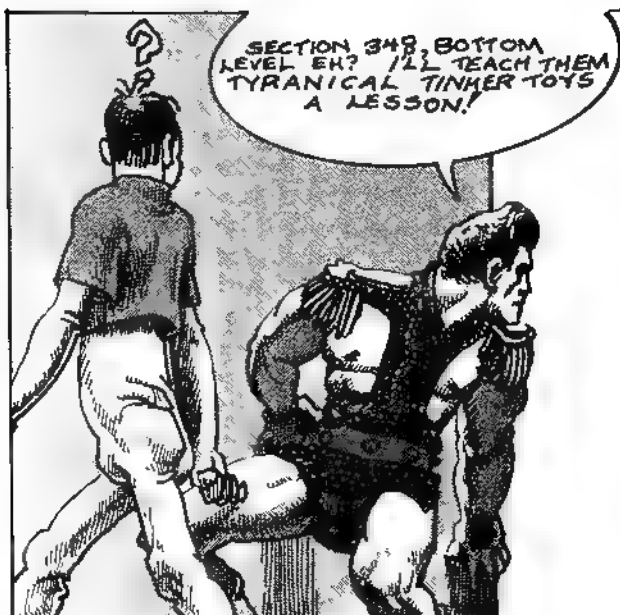


CALM YOURSELF BORIS. YES, YOU WERE  
MOVED FROM THE MOUNT SLUMBERLAND  
FREEZING FACILITIES, ... BUT THAT IS  
ONLY 25 SURFACE MILES FROM HERE.  
WHAT ON **EARTH** MADE YOU THINK YOU  
WERE ON THE **MOON**??

THE  
END







HELLO MANGLE I'M  
GLAD YOU FINALLY  
ARRIVED MY NAME  
IS MADA. I'M THE  
FIRST OF THE NEW  
SPECIES THAT WILL  
TAKE MANK'S PLACE  
AS THE DOMINANT  
ANIMAL ON EARTH!



CONFUSED?  
THE ROBOTS  
CREATED ME, NOT  
OF METAL LIKE  
THEM, BUT OF  
ORGANIC PLASTIC,  
SUPERIOR TO  
MAN MENTALLY  
AND PHYSICALLY.



HEY! - THAT'S GREAT!  
YOU AND I COULD TEAM UP  
IN A NEW COM C  
**THE TERRIFIC TWO!**  
-AND SAVE MANK'ND FROM  
CRIME, WAR AND THE  
MONSTER MACHINES!



SAVE MANK'ND FROM THE  
THINGS HE'S CREATED  
FOR HIMSELF?  
THAT'S A SLY  
IMPROBABLE.

I HAVE  
A BETTER  
IDEA.

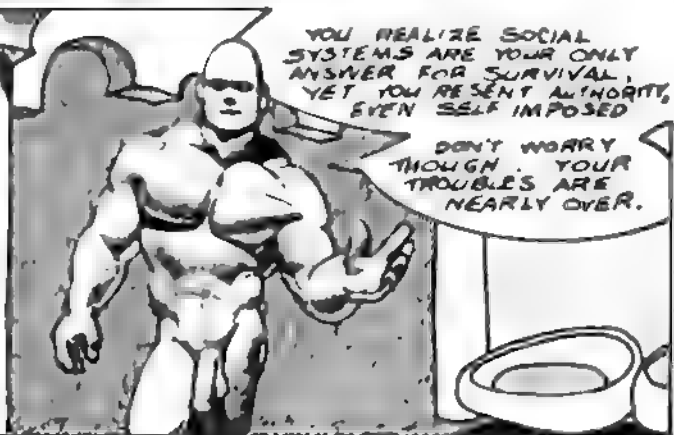


HUH?



YOU REALIZE SOCIAL  
SYSTEMS ARE YOUR ONLY  
ANSWER FOR SURVIVAL,  
YET YOU RESENT AUTHORITY,  
EVEN SELF IMPOSED

DON'T WORRY  
THOUGH. YOUR  
TROUBLES ARE  
NEARLY OVER.



I'LL SMASH -

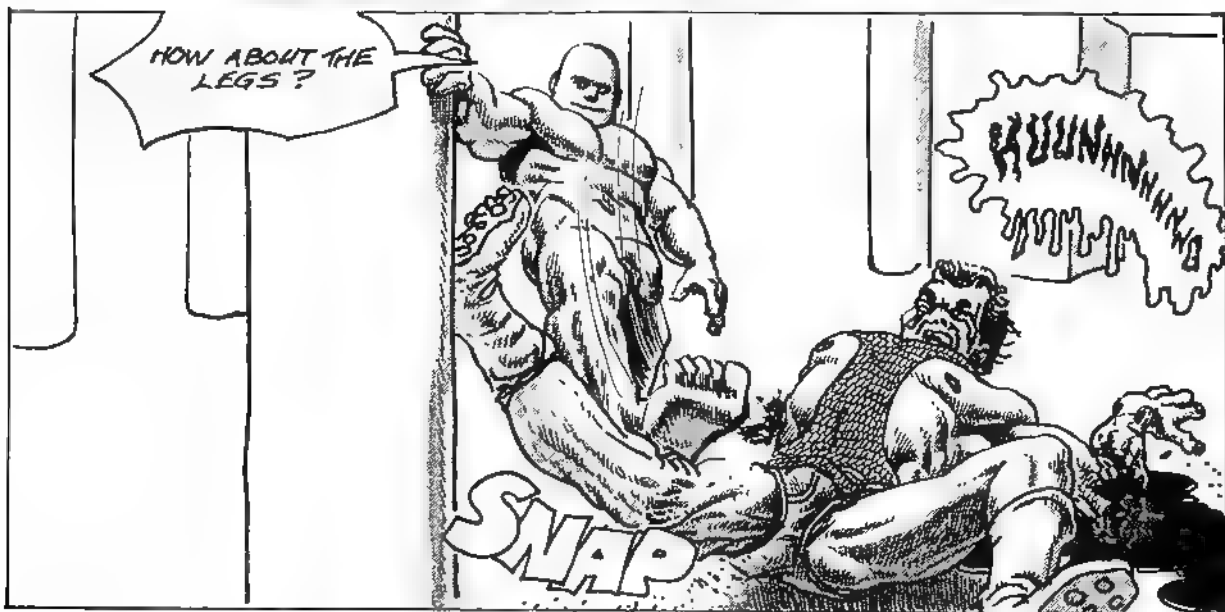
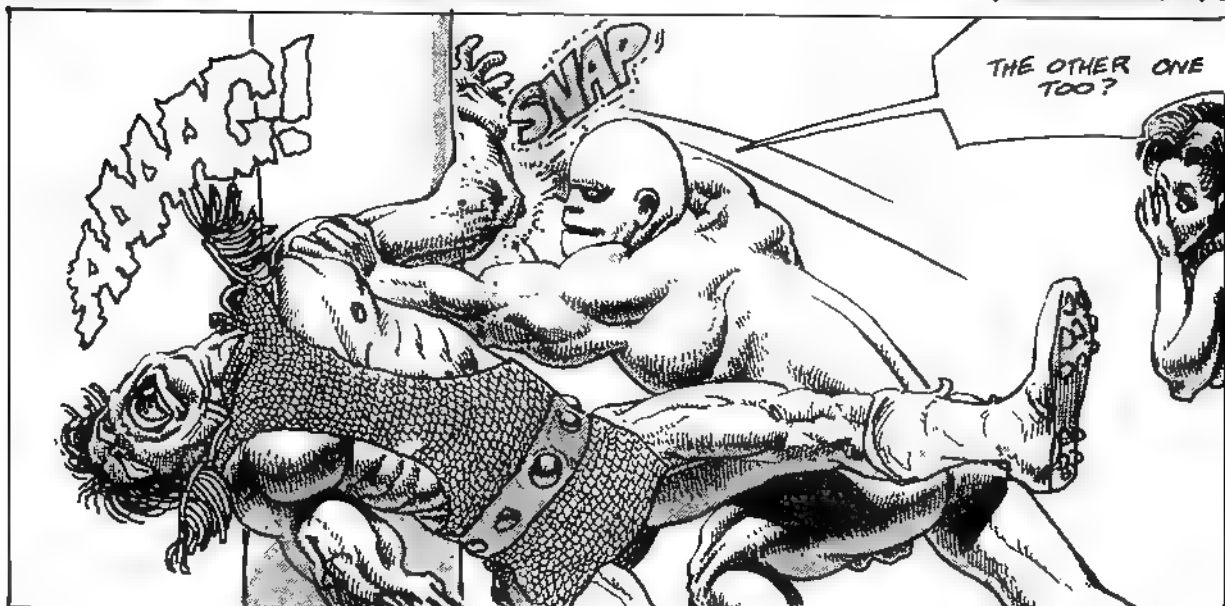
OH YES - MOST OF THE STORIES I READ  
ABOUT YOU ARE PRETTY INCREDIBLE THE ONLY  
PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE WAY YOU COULD SMASH  
A METAL ROBOT WITH YOUR RIDGE HAND,  
IS IF A STEEL  
STRIKING PLATE  
WERE IMPLANTED  
IN YOUR ARM AND  
HAND!...

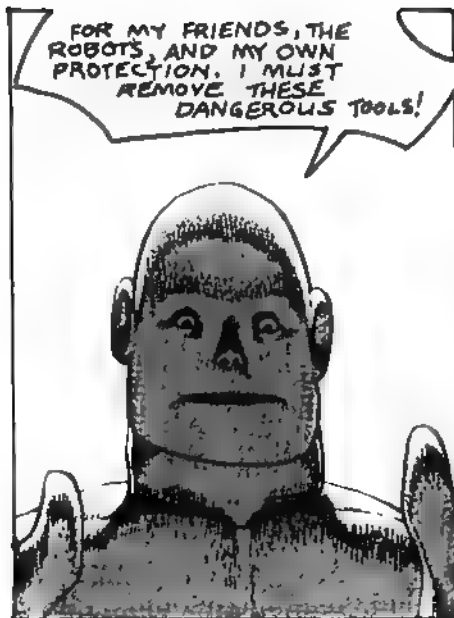
IS IT?



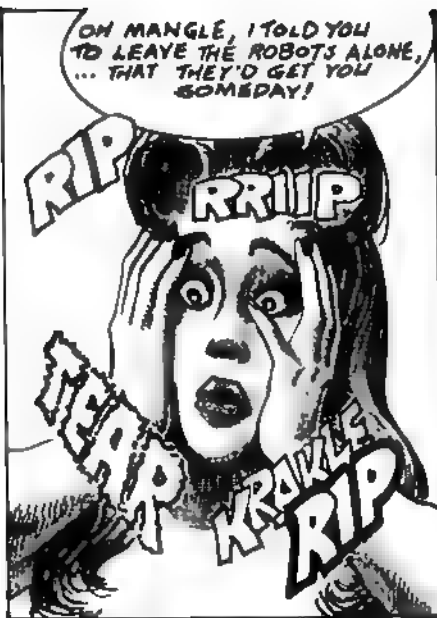








FOR MY FRIENDS, THE ROBOTS, AND MY OWN PROTECTION. I MUST REMOVE THESE DANGEROUS TOOLS!



OH MANGLE, I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THE ROBOTS ALONE... THAT THEY'D GET YOU SOMEDAY!



...UNH... SEELA... WHY ... DIDN'T YA ... EVER ... LET ME HAVE ... UNH... ANY...MNH!



AH, MANGLE OLD BOY, HOW DO YOU FEEL? THE ROBDCTOR SAVED YOUR LIFE... YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL.

WE BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS MANGLE TO CHEER YOU UP.

... THEY'RE ARTIFICIAL YOU JUST CAN'T GET REAL ONES.

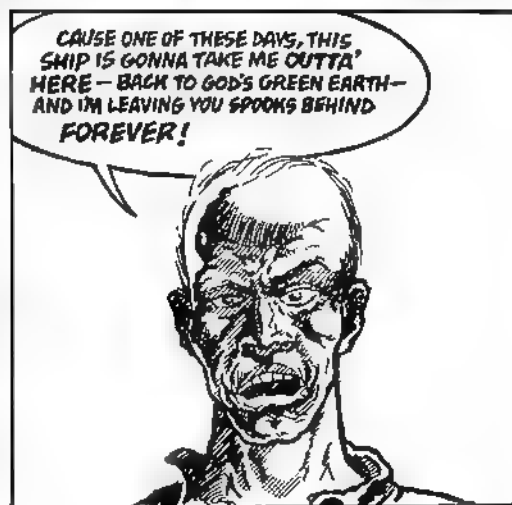
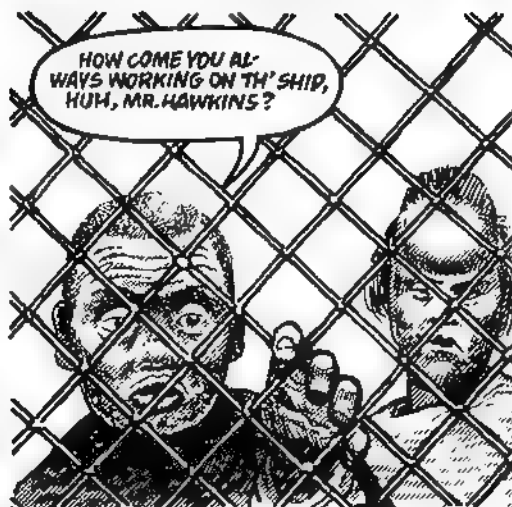
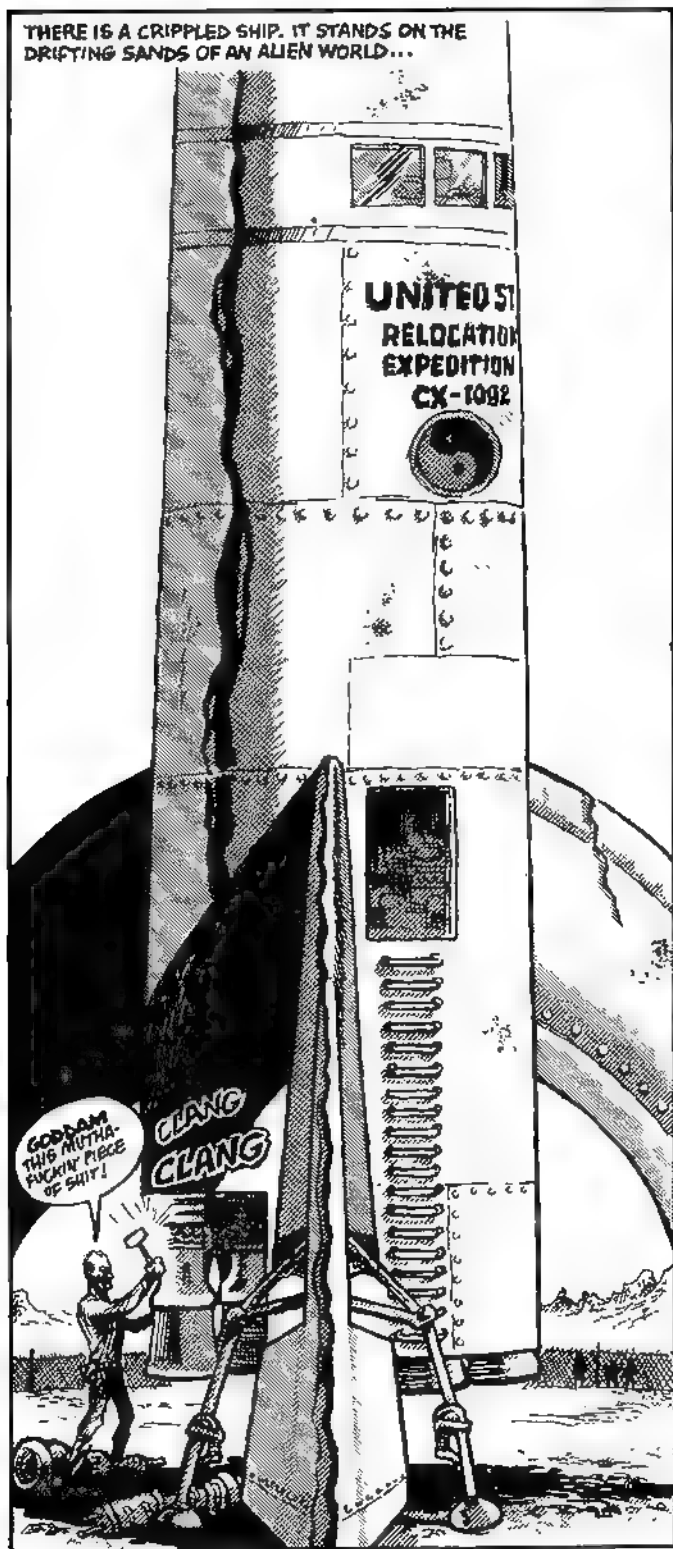


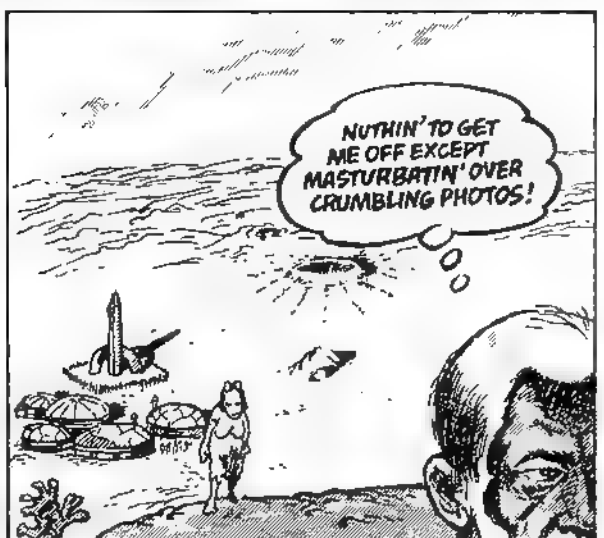
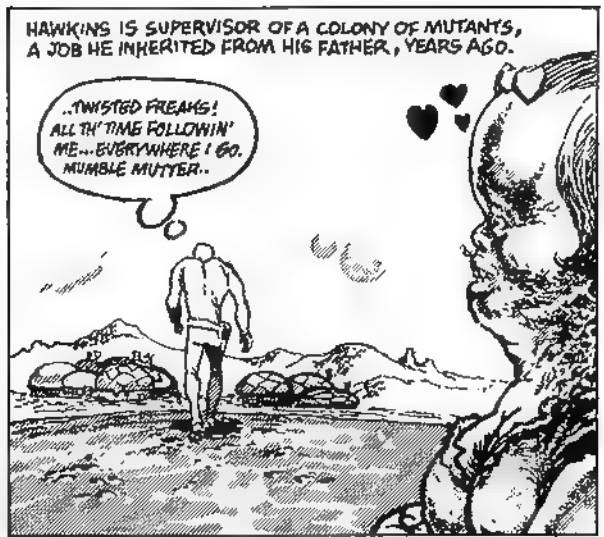
YOU CAN ALSO BE GRATEFUL TO SEELA HERE... SHE CONVINCED ME TO NOT OVERTHROW THE HUMAN RACE. THE ROBOTS AREN'T WORRIED ANY MORE WITH YOU DISARMED (HEH, HEH!), SO SEELA AND I ARE JUST GOING OFF TO HAVE A FLICKING GOOD TIME.

...ACTUALLY THE PLASTIC ONES ARE BETTER, BECAUSE THEY WON'T DIE AND ROT.

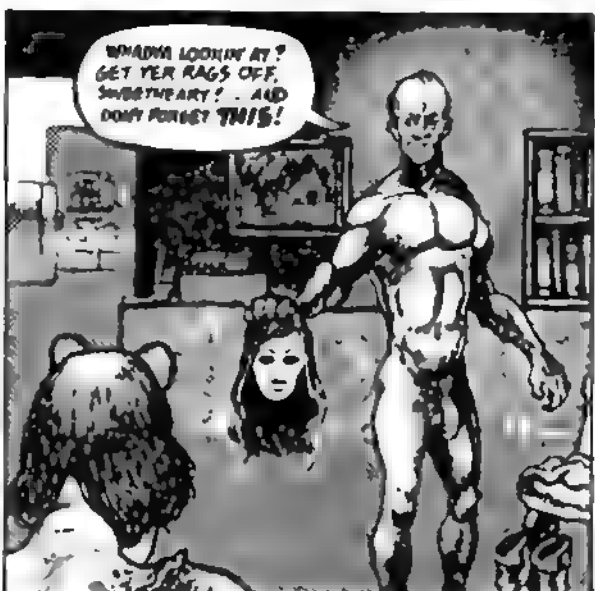
THE  
END

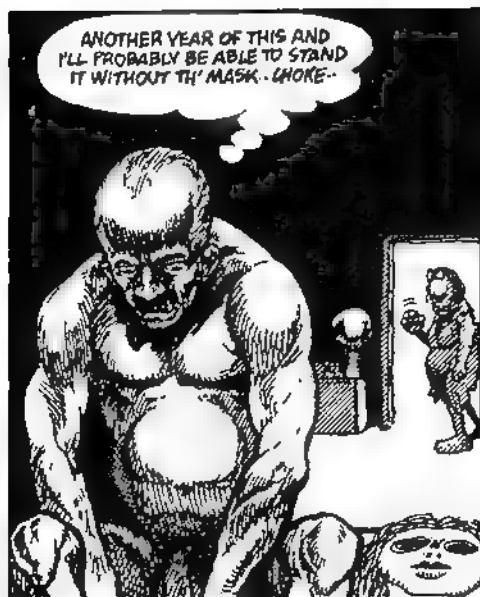
# HOMESICK











ANOTHER YEAR OF THIS AND I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO STAND IT WITHOUT TH' MASK... CHOKE...



SOMEBODY SAID THAT YOU WAS UP TO HAWKINS' PLACE TODAY, DARLIN' LIL... PASS TH' BEANS, SON...

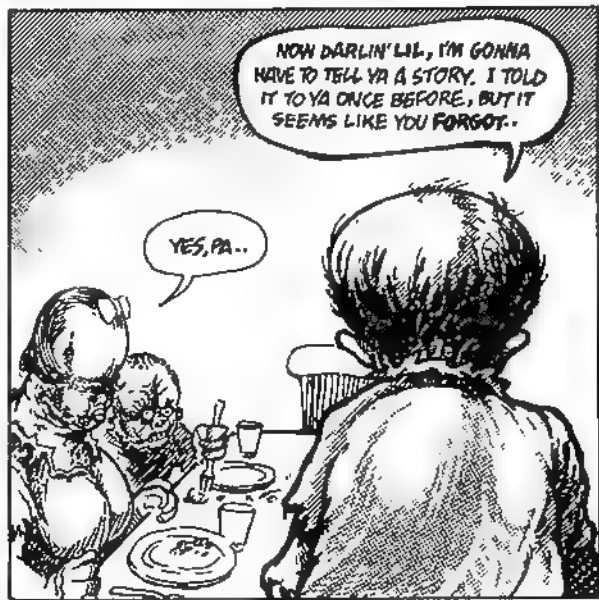
GULP

MUNCH MUNCH



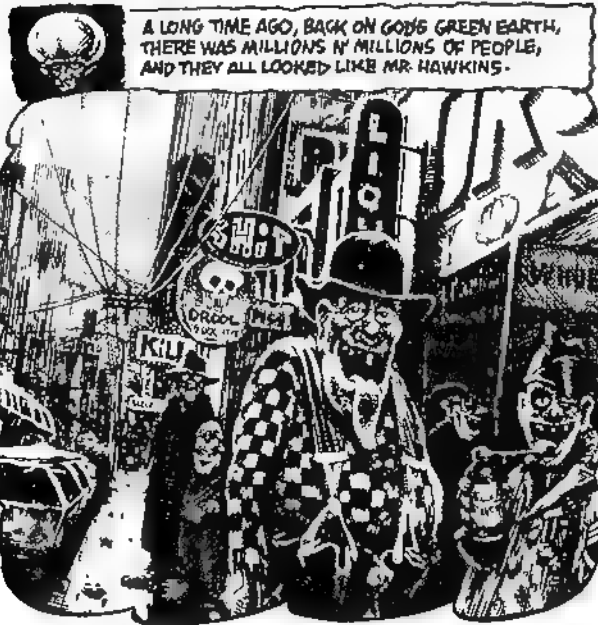
IT'S TRUE, PA!!! I SAW HER GO INSIDE WITH MR. HAWKINS!

YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, JOHNNY! YOU DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT NUTHIN!



NOW DARLIN' LIL, I'M GONNA HAVE TO TELL YA A STORY. I TOLD IT TO YA ONCE BEFORE, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE YOU FORGOT.

YES, PA...



A LONG TIME AGO, BACK ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH, THERE WAS MILLIONS N' MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, AND THEY ALL LOOKED LIKE MR. HAWKINS.

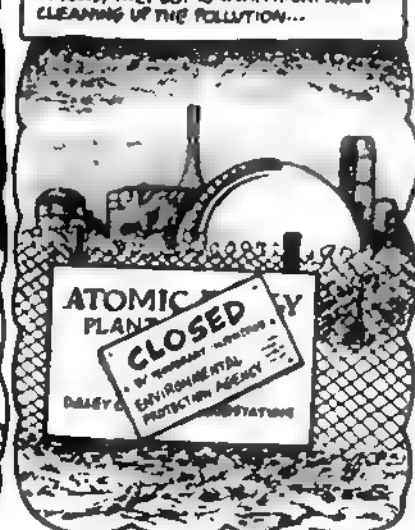
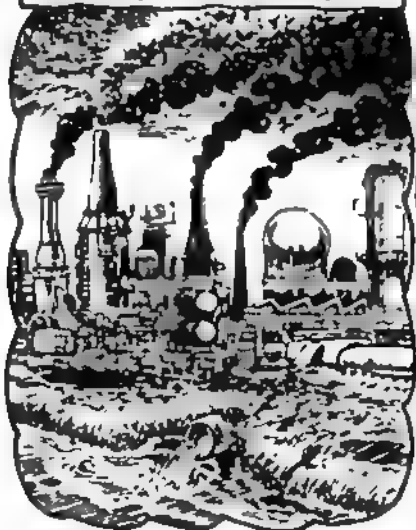


THEY TALKED LIKE HIM TOO, REAL MEAN N' NASTY, ALTHO THEIR BODIES WERE BEAUTIFUL, THEIR SOULS WERE TWISTED WITH POISON N' GREED.

THAT POISON DIDN'T STAY IN THEIR HEARTS.  
IT CAME SHOOTIN' OUT OF THEIR EYES AND  
MOUTHS UNTIL IT FILLED THE WHOLE EARTH!

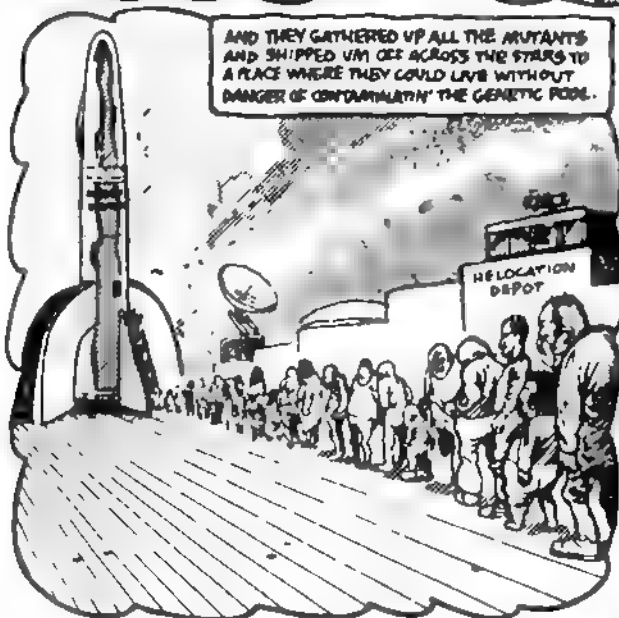
TOWARDS THE END OF THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY,  
THE DOCTORS FOUND OUT THAT ALL THAT  
SNAKE N' POISON WAS DOING STRANGE THINGS.

WHEN THE GOVERNMENTS FIGURED OUT  
WHAT WAS DISTORTIN' SO MANY NEWBORN  
INFANTS, THEY GOT TO WORK RIGHT AWAY  
CLEANIN' UP THE POLLUTION...



AND THEY GATHERED UP ALL THE MUTANTS  
AND SHIPPED 'EM OFF ACROSS THE STARS TO  
A PLACE WHERE THEY COULD LIVE WITHOUT  
DANGER OF CONTAMINATIN' THE GENETIC POOL.

TWO SCIENTISTS WERE SENT TO OBSERVE AND SUPERVISE THE  
LIFE OF THE MUTANTS THAT WAS TED AND IRMA HAWKINS, GOD  
REST THEIR SOULS, FOR THEY WERE BENEVOLENT PEOPLE.

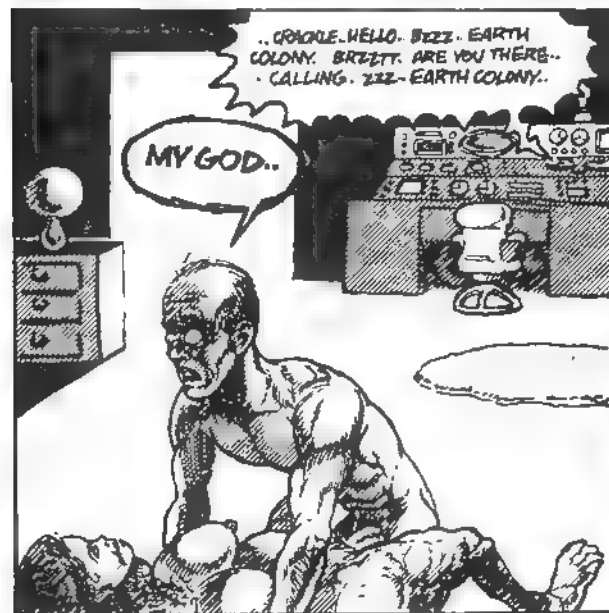
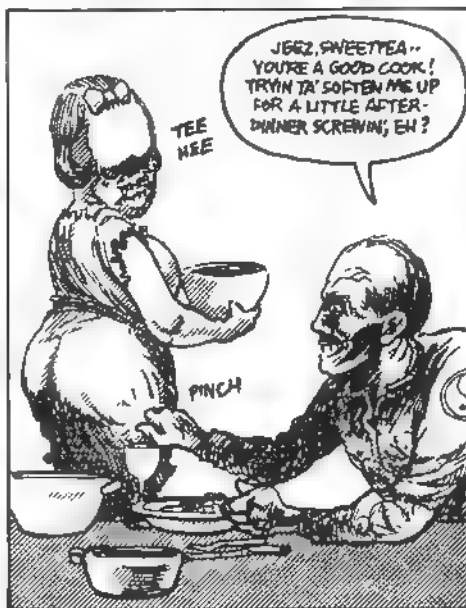
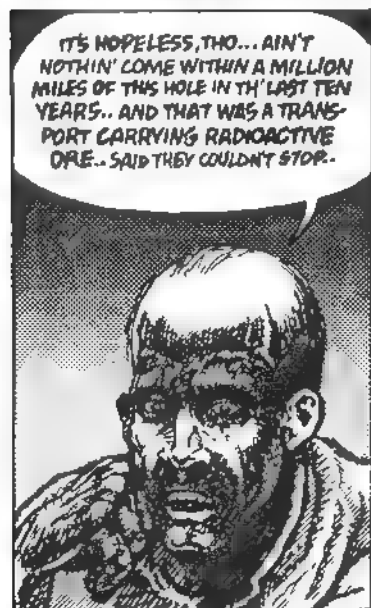
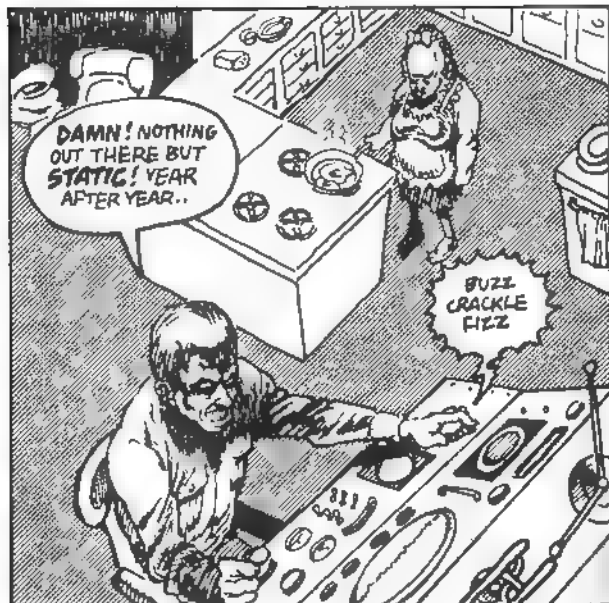


YOU KNOW THE REST, CHILD. THEY HAD A SON, AND  
THAT BOY GREW UP TO BE LORD N' MASTER OF THIS  
WORLD, DIFFERENT FROM THEM AS NIGHT N' DAY..

HE AIN'T LIKE US, HONEY.  
HE'S GOT A BEAUTIFUL BODY, BUT  
HIS SOUL'S ROTTEN CLEAR THRU!

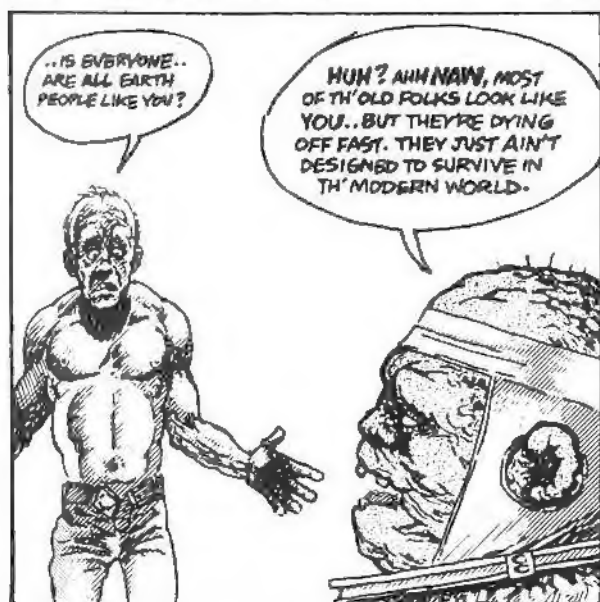
YES PA—  
BUT I LOVE  
HIM!!











# NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS



Thanks very much for all the letters, no room for a do loop letter page or a Slow Death Quiz this time. The cartoon was sent to us by Eric Kimball. The poem was the work of a group of AF and Army GIs assigned to the First Air Cav who sat down one night in a hootch in Nam and wrote a poem. It expressed their bitterness about the things they had done and toward the military that had made them murderers. The poem was first published in the June 71 issue of helping hand; POB 729, Mountain Home, Idaho 83647. Each verse depicts an actual event that at least one of the men participated in.

Other correspondents called for emergency preparedness based on the "bug out system" that SAC base personnel and families use; while one woman from New York suggested that to defuse the population bomb "we should swallow a load so the population won't explode". Keep them cards and letters coming folks; we will print some in the next Slow Death. Back issues of Slow Death available for 65 cents each. Include age statement with each order. Dealer McDope games \$7.95 postpaid. Send to Baba Ron Turner, Editor, Slow Death Funnies, PO Box 212, Berkeley, Ca 94704.

We shoot the sick, the young, the lame,  
We do our best to kill and mame,  
Because the kills all count the same,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low across the trees,  
Pilots doing what they please,  
Dropping frags on refugees,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Flying low and looking mean,  
See that family by the stream,  
Drop some nape an hear 'em scream,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

A group of gooks in the grass,  
But all the fighting's long since past,  
Crispy youngsters in a mass,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Drop some napalm on the barn,  
It won't do too much harm  
Just burn off a leg or arm  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Gather kids as you fly over town,  
By tossing candy on the ground,  
Then grease 'em when they gather round,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Ox cart rolling down the road,  
Peasants with a heavy load,  
They're all V!C! when the bombs explode,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Cobras flying in the sun,  
Killing gooks is macho fun,  
If one's pregnant it's two for one,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

There's a gook down on her knees  
Launch some fleshettes into the breeze,  
Her arms are nailed to the trees,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Blues out on a road recon,  
See some children with their mom,  
What the hell, let's drop the bomb,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

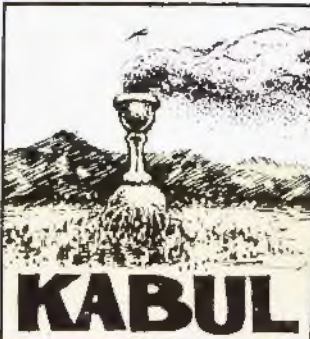
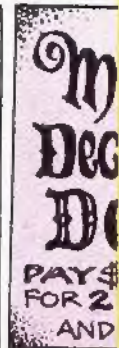
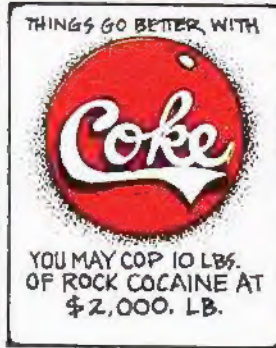
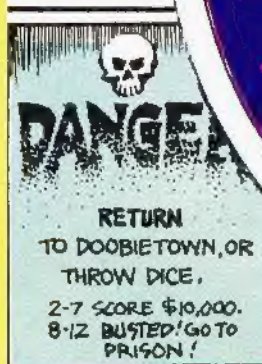
CIA with guns for hire  
Montagnards around a fire,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

A baby sucking on his mother's tit  
Children cowering in a pit,  
Dow chemical doesn't give a shit,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

Eighteen kids in a "no fire zone"  
Books under arm as they go home,  
Last in line goes home alone,  
Napalm sticks to kids.

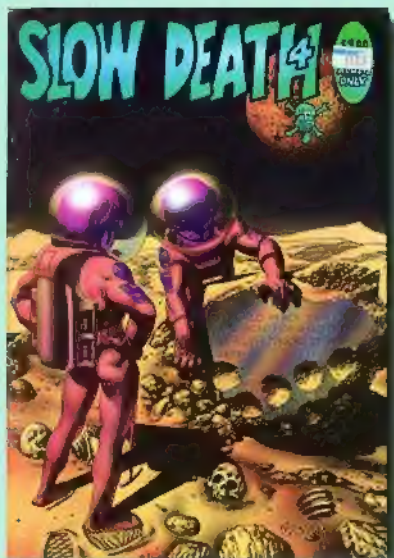
They're in good shape for the shape they're in.  
But I wonder how they win,  
With napalm running down their skin,  
Napalm sticks to kids.





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*With apologies to Sirreal!*

# The BRIDE of Sir Real's

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COMIX CLASSIX

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Published November 1972

2nd Edition

Last Gasp Eco-Funnies

\$1

36 pages

Print run ?

7" x 10 1/4"

ISBN:

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- 11 - Ecotopia 2001
- 17 - The Awakening
- 21 - Mangle, Robot Mangler
- 27 - Homesick
- 35 - Napalm Sticks To Kids
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 Tom Veitch - 11-16(s), 27-34(s)  
 Jack Jackson - 27-34(a)  
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 of the First Air Cavalry - 35(poem)

## Comments:

n/a